THE FREEMAN

AND ETHIOPIA SHALL STRETCH FORTH HER HAND

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FARM AND GARDEN.

The Revue Horticole says that the following is a cheap and effective method of preventing the decay of wood when buried in the ground: Mix finely powdered coal with linseed oil and apply to the parts to be buried. This is inexpensive and easily applied, and we would suggest that our readers experiment with it in setting their new fence posts this season.

When a grindstone is supplied with a trough underneath for water the trough should be adjustable, so that it can be lowered when the stone is not in use. If a portion of the surface is left in the water it is kept soft, while the rest, by exposure to the sun and air, is constantly growing harder. This soon throws the stone out of balance, and, as the wet part wears away much faster than the dry, the stone soon becomes unfit for use.

Excepting cotton, the products of the United States this year will not be more than needed for our own consumption. In some regions there will be a scarcity, but fortunately rapid transit is at hand, and none will suffer. We also learn that in Great Britain and continental Europe crops are lamentably short. Especially is it feared that unfortunate Ireland will be pinched again. In our own country it looks as though the farmer would have made up to him in prices received much that he falls short of his usual amount in crop products.

At the Maryland experiment station careful tests have been made in strawberry growing to determine the relative merits of the hill versus the matted row system. In nearly all varieties the matted rows gave the larger yields and generally the larger fruit. Probably for success with the hill system richer soil and higher cultivation than were given are necessary. It is reasonable to suppose that cutting off all runners and confining the plant solely to the production of fruit would lead to the best results, provided all the cultural needs of the plant were satisfied. With ordinary soil and culture the matted row would better meet the requirements.

So many side branches of farm work fail to pay because they are either not done intelligently or are carried out in a negligent way. The farmer leaves his few stands of bees to take care of themselves, merely "keeping his eye on them;" but a dozen hives could bring him as much revenue as his ten-acre wheat field. Especially frequently does he underrate the return that a little care of his chickens would bring. Let him at least train his children into a proper interest in them. Every branch of the poultry business can be made to pay, whether he makes a specialty of producing eggs for market or young fowls for table when the spring market is high, or hundreds of good, fat birds for next winter's market.

The use of sulphur in drying or evaporating fruit has been carried to an unwarranted point, and the reaction has set in. It is dangerous to health, better results can be obtained without it, and its use will soon be a thing of the past. The most successful growers of prunes in Oregon use no lye to eat the skin, so that drying will be facilitated; they use no sulphur; they have no sweating process. Their method is simply to put the prunes into the dryer for from twelve to eighteen hours, with a rapidly circulating current of air at 150 degrees. The fruit is then put in barrels and covered, so as to exclude dust and flies. After about six weeks it is put into five and ten pound boxes, neatly packed, wrapped and labeled. The advantages of this method are purity and healthfulness, a natural fruity odor, taste, and color, and better keeping qualities than can be had by any other process. We should presume also that it had an additional recommendation on the score of cheapness.

The little bills of the blacksmith, carpenter, machinist, etc., for incidental work and repairs about the farm and to the tools and machinery, amount to a considerable item in the course of the year, and constitute a burdensome tax. Much of this expense can be done away with by having a well-appointed workshop on the farm and learning how to handle tools. In the granary or loft a workshop may be readily arranged. Plenty of light is essential and should come from directly over the bench. There must be a chimney and stove, so that you can work during the leisure days in winter. Build a secure chimney, and set the stove in a wide, shallow box of sand, so as to avoid danger from fire. The first thing in furnishing the shop is to build a substantial bench. It should be planed on the top, at least. To one end secure a wood vise, with broad jaws. Get a good grindstone, with treadle and crank, so that tools may be kept sharp. A small scroll saw and lathe will often be needed, and can be bought for a few dollars. With your own tools make a shaving horse and harness bench. In your outfit of tools should be included an ordinary hand saw, a rip saw, a tenon saw, and a compass saw; a good hatchet, a claw and riveting hammer, from six to twelve chisels (assorted sizes), a wooden mallet, a good brace, with a set of assorted bits. In planes there should be smooth, a jack, and a fore plane. Then a few gouges, a plumb bob, a small and a large square, a compass, a bevel, a level, a two-foot rule, a monkey-wrench, a saw set, files, a drawingknife, a spoke shave, etc., together with a lot of harness needles, thread, knife and awls. From $50 to $100 may be spent in furnishing such a shop, and it will prove the best investment of the farm. For blacksmithing a small portable forge and the few tools needed may be added at small expense. Often the saving in time by not having to run to town for repairs will be as great as the saving in money.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The Illinois Steel Company, of Joliet, for the second time divided $4,000 among its employees as their share of the quarterly profits.

All the coal mines in the Morris (Ill.) district have suspended operations because of a disagreement between the company and the laborers. The operators recently raised the price of coal twenty-five cents per ton, and the workmen demanded an increase of wages at the rate of ten cents per ton, but were refused. Now there is a strike in progress.

Thomas Rhoads dismissed 167 employes from his morocco factory last Saturday, in accordance with the resolution of the National Morocco Manufacturers' Association to dispense with the services of all Knights of Labor. These men refused to leave the order and were therefore discharged. It is said that the manufacturer will shut down for a short time and then start a non-union shop.

The threat of a gigantic strike among the Western Union telegraph operators is said to have been withdrawn. The members of the Brotherhood at Omaha, Neb., agreed to withdraw from the order on condition of immediate reinstatement. The operators at St. Paul, Minn., and other cities, were sent back to work by an emphatic message from the Brotherhood headquarters, and the Chicago operators were forbidden to participate in the strike.

In Plain Language.

Detroit Free Press.

A citizen who was stopped by a tramp on Michigan avenue the other day replied to request by saying:

"No, sir—no, sir—not a penny! You are a fraud!"

"In what respect?"

"Why, haven't you asked me for money?"

"Certainly, but how does that make me a fraud?"

"Well, then, an impostor."

"But I'm no impostor. I simply asked you for a dime. I didn't claim to be either the Governor of New York or a fire sufferer. I made no statement from which you can argue that I am either a fraud or an impostor."

"Well, I have nothing for you."

"Ah! But that's different. Now you make a plain statement of facts, and I have nothing further to say. I can stand it to be poor, but ambiguity of language is something that I never have and never will accept. Good morning, sir!"

Truthful Woman.

Philadelphia Times.

"I am a believer in the truth of women," remarked the man who was the first to empty his glass and last to treat.

"So are we all, we hope," echoed the others.

"But not to the extent I am," he insisted. "I have now been married ten years, and every night when I go home she is sure to say: 'Ah! drunk as usual.'"

"Well, what has that got to do with it?"

"Only this: I have never caught her in a lie yet."

THE FAIR SEX.

Miss Xavier, the well-known Spanish student, who was formerly a lecturer in that language in Wellesley college, is now secretary to the French and Spanish consulate and is the only woman who fills such an office.

One of the costliest volumes in existence is the bridal gift of Fraulein Marie Essipoff from her father, a wealthy Viennese merchant. The binding is of the richest tooled morocco, and each of the 100 leaves is a bond for 1,000 guldens.

The duchess of Manchester is a very much disappointed woman by the terms of the old duke's will. The magnificent family jewels, including the famous necklace of 365 large pearls and the tiara of Golconda diamonds, must all be sold, according to the will, to supply the deficiency of his personal estate.

The female book maker is the latest departure. She made her first appearance at Kempton park, clad in a flash costume, and gave or took the odds as nonchalantly as a man, shouting in musicial tones what her prices were, and cashing up promptly when each race was over. The next in order will be, no doubt, the woman horse jockey, and with them in the pool-room and on the horse, racing will have more fascination than ever.

Women doctors in Russia, according to a recent decree, may practice in all parts of the empire and will wear a decoration denoting their profession. They have a special right to practice in all institutions, gymnasia, and schools for women, in hospitals, dispensaries and ambulances belonging to the Zemstvos and are exempt from obligation imposed by law upon their male colleagues of attending as experts upon criminal trials.

Ladies' fire brigades have been organized at Girton college, St. Michael's house, and other large institutions for women in England. They are said to understand and perform their duties well, and to find their greatest difficulties come from a lack of suitable dress. The new ladies' fire-drill dress is to consist in the future of a waterproof skirt, with a belt three inches wide and two buttons, just tight enough to keep it from slipping down over the hips. This overskirt will reach just below the knees and cover an all-wool divided undershirt fastening around each leg at the top of the boots.

The use of tobacco among women is on the increase in France, and even in London it is not even unusual to see a lady produce her silver or enameled card case in the drawing-room. Cigarettes are giving place to cigars in Paris, and some fears are entertained of the smoking habit among women becoming uncontrollable. The well-known writer, Mme. de Latour, defends the use of the weed by her sex, and insists that if it is good for men it is not injurious to women, while to brain workers it is a great help and solace. She would not however, give women quite the same license as men, and would restrict them to two cigars and a few cigarettes a day.

London women do not seem to be what Jennie June calls "clubable" women, for, notwithstanding the increasingly prominent place they occupy in sport and recreation, their amusements are as a rule unorganized. The Row is each season crowded with equestriennes and in the winter, too, when the riding is something besides "genteel cantering." All manner of smart ponies and carts and jaunting cars go the pace continually, and last seasona lady "tooted" a four-in-hand each day around the drive, and her horses held splendidly in hand. The prejudice against the cycle for ladies is fast dying out and though at the present not so general in London as among the provinces one may expect soon to see it command the situation in London streets.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

An unknown giver has presented to the Young Men's Christian Association of Haverhill, Mass., $10,000 for a building.

William P. Southworth, of Cleveland, O., has given $50,000 for a ward or wards in the hospital there to be devoted to the care of sick and disabled children.

The contest over the will of the late Rev. Dr. R. H. Robinson, of Fort Plain, N. Y., has been settled, and Syracuse University receives one-half of the estate of $35,000.

There are now about 4,000 churches of all denominations in Great Britain, Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle among the number, which are using unfermented wine for sacramental purposes.

Many of the Catholic papers have been quite severe in their criticisms of Archbishop Ireland for his kind words toward the American public-school system. He is reported as saying that he will give them five years to catch up with him.

With a view to suppressing the enormous whisky-smuggling business in Quebec, Cardinal Taschereau has issued a letter to his flock on the evils of the liquor traffic, strongly condemning the smugglers, who are henceforth to be deprived of the benefit of the sacrament of the church.

Twenty-five years ago there was not one Christian woman working in the zenanas of India. Now there are over 100 from Tinnevelly in the south to Peshawur in the Penjaub in the north; and beginnings of the same work have been made by the Church of England at Foo Chow, China, and in Japan.

During the past fifteen years the Cincinnati Baptists have added seven new churches to the number then existing, the total number now being twenty-six; the total membership has risen from 2,544 to 4,020, and the total amount of benevolent contributions raised last year is four-fold what it was fifteen years ago.

The Rev. Thomas J. Porter, in the last "Missionary Review of the World," writing as to the religious condition and needs of Brazil, declares that the "imperial need of the country is Christian education, from primary schools to a Roberts College. Such schools would be the right arm of the Church of Christ in molding the republic."

SOMEWHAT CURIOUS.

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by foreigners.

There are 10,852 school districts, 62,372 teachers and 2,800,000 school children in Japan.

The largest bear skin in the world is in Kansas City. It was taken from an animal weighing 2,800 pounds.

Liverpool, England has 250 miles of the best paved streets in the world, and it costs less than $40,000 a year to keep them in repair.

Two of the albums sent to the international exhibition of postage-stamps in the world at Vienna were insured for £2,590 and £3,000 respectively.

H. C. Wheeler, of Odebolt, has under cultivation the largest farm in Iowa. It comprises 6,200 acres, every foot of which is under cultivation.

The slave population of this country was 2,009,043 in 1830, 2,487,355, in 1840, 3,204,313, in 1850, and 3,953,760. Missouri had 25,091 slaves in 1840, 87,422 in 1850 and 114,931 in 1860.

Dark-haired persons have a better chance in the great struggle for existence than those of the oppesite complexion, except in contagious diseases, where blondes are comparatively exempt.

Cascade county, Montana, has been put to an expense of $800 by lawsuits concerning four tame ducks, between neighbors. One of the parties has been sent to the penitentiary for perjury.

The Chautuqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which was organized in 1878 with a membership of 700, has now 17,000 circles located in all parts of the world, including a branch in the Cape of Good Hope.

A platina coin bearing the image of Antiochus of Syria, who died 164 B. C., has been found at Tepe-Kermene, an ancient town in Crimea. It is the only one of the kind known to exist and therefore of great value.

The United States government holds in its vaults a greater amount of gold and silver than any other government in the world. It is the direct custodian of $325,000,000 in gold coin and bars, and $318,000,000 in silver.

Soundings in the Black Sea show that beyond a depth of six hundred feet the water is so impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas emanating from decaying animal and vegetable matter that living organisms are not found there.

Nearly 7,000 pounds of attar of roses were exported from Turkey last year, worth $350,000. Essence of geranium has been employed for adulteration, and the Turkish government has now forbidden the importation of this essence.

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HIS THANKSGIVING.

Peterson's Magazine.

There was a great crush at Mrs. Darlington's day reception. Mrs. Liston had spoken to everybody she knew, and was beginning to grow impatient, when her nieces were announced.

The two Miss Ericksons looked very handsome, the aunt thought, and she smiled brightly on the pair. After exchanging greetings with the hostess and various friends—including, of course, their relative—Alice, the elder, was carried off by an old lady with whom she was an especial pet, while her sister remained beside Mrs. Liston.

"How well you look to-day, Aunt Sarah," remarked Rose. "Is it your new bonnet?"

"I think not; I fancy it is the near prospect of Edward's return. I have had no telegram, but he will surely be here on Friday at the very latest."

"I am so glad for you, aunt!"

"Thank you, dear," answered Mrs. Liston.

She was a tall fine-looking woman, with a very determined face; but it wore a wonderfully soft expression now. Her son was her idol.

"Do you think you will recognize him, Rose?" she went on presently.

"I don't know," the young lady rejoined, smilingly. "There years is a long while and may make great changes."

"Oh, Edward is not altered, he writes me, except that he looks a litle older and browner."

"I dare say he won't be changed beyond your recognition, Aunt Sarah," was the laughing reply, "and that will be of more interest to him than anybody else's."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Liston, with quiet significance; but Rose, taking no notice of the remark, continued gayly:

"He will be the chief society-lion this winter, unless Stanley should come over. A man who has spent three years in the wilds of Africa is not to be seen in a New York drawing-room every day."

"No, happily for the mothers," sighed Mrs. Liston. "Small wonder his uncle was vexed."

"Do you think it was because Edward went to Africa that uncle was vexed with him?" asked Rose suddenly, her face growing thoughtful, almost grave.

"I know of no other reason," aunt said, decidedly, "but then, your uncle was not any too fond of me. I knew nothing of his purposes and wishes. Sometimes I think he turned against Edward at the last because he was my son," she concluded, with some bitterness,

"Surely not," murmured Rose. "I could bear less than ever the taking of our half of the money, if I thought that. You know I would rather Edward had it all—I would give the world if a will could be found!"

"There was none," said Mrs. Liston, almost sternly; "and, if there had been one, the money might have been left to you."

"Oh, never!" cried Rose. "Uncle was to fond of Edward!"

"Nothing matters now, dear, that my boy is coming home," whispered the mother, laying her hand on her nieces's arm.

At this moment, some friends approached, and there was no opportunity for further conversation between the relatives.

Rose had just turned away to speak to a new-comer, when a servant came quickly up to Mrs. Liston and said something to her in a very low tone. The lady's face changed instantly, and, with a murmur "Excuse me" to her friends and not a word to her niece, she hurried out of the room.

Ten minutes later, Rose glanced about and saw her aunt standing close beside her, looking strangely excited. Then she felt herself draw aside from the rest of the guests, into a sort of anteroom. There stood a young man whom she instantly recognized. The young persons looked at each other.

Mrs. Liston laid her hand on her niece's arm.

"Surely, Rose," she said eagerly, "you have forgotten Edward—he looks exactly the same as when he went away."

Rose put out her hand a little timidly—it almost seemed as if he had forgotten her.

"How do you do, Cousin Edward?" she said in a clear musical voice. "I am very glad to see you again."

"How do you do, Cousin Rose." And the young man took the proffered hand.

It was a very commonplace greeting; Mrs. Liston felt intensely disapointed. Was it for this she had schemed and waited? Nobody had seen Edward Liston clench the hand he afterward held out; nobody noticed, under the bronze, how pale he had grown, and his voice only sounde cold and indifferent.

Rose was quite self-possessed. She smiled graciously at her cousin and said pleasant things to him in her sweetest tones. She must find Alice, she said: Alice would be pleased to see him. And soon the four were together, introducing the new-comer to the hostess and making their adieux.

The young ladies sent their own carriage away and were driven home by their aunt. The elder Miss Erickson was delighted to see her cousin, and Edward showed equal pleasure on his side.

"Of course you will come to see mamma early to-morrow," Alice said, with great cordiality, as the young man helped her out of the carriage before her own door. "You know, poor mamma is too much of an invalid to go anywhere."

"Certainly," was the eager response, as Mr. Liston gave his hand to Rose. "I will be sure to come."

Then good-byes were exchanged. the two sisters entered the house, and mother and son drove away toward home.

"What do you think of Rose?" was Mrs. Liston's first question.

"She is more beautiful than ever."

"She is indeed; and now, my dear Edward, if you will only settle down and marry her!"

"Perhaps she would not thank you for disposing of her so summarily," the young man said, a little sarcastically.

"Well, she doesn't love anyone else; so the field is clear."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," answered Mrs. Liston, with a very positive expression on her handsome face. She would probably have said more, but her son asked abruptly:

"How is Cousin Harold? I believe I haven't inquired about him."

"Harold is very well. He has been to me more like a son than a nephew; I can never forget his kindness."

Edward Liston drew a deep breath.

"I must thank him, mother," he said, gently.

"Oh, he has been rewarded for his goodness," laughed Mrs. Liston. "You see, being so much at my house, they were as constantly thrown together as if they had been real cousins, and——"

"Whom do you mean, mother?" interrupted Edward, with sudden excitement.

"Why, Alice, of course," she answered. "Surely you did not think—"

"I did not know." And a long sigh of relief escaped the young man.

"It was always Alice, my dear boy."

"I did not think so."

"Was that the reason of your coldness to Rose to-day? Why, I never dreamed of such a thing," said Mrs. Liston.

"I'm sure I'm very glad if what you say is true, mother; but you may be mistaken."

"Oh, no; they are engaged, I believe—everybody will tell you the same." And, seeing that her son was disinclined to pursue the subject, the lady began to talk about other matters.

The week that followed was a halcyon one to Edward Liston, and scarcely less so to his devoted mother. She saw all her cherished hopes approaching fruition. Edward was constantly with his cousins, and soon perceived the likelihood, if not truth, of his mother's assertion. Rose was kind to him—nothing more; but then he believed he had no rival, for she seemed to care for none of her many admirers. Hope grew stronger within his breast. He was the lion of the hour; the women petted him. Alice, he fancied, divined his desire and tried to encourage him. Surely he had a good chance!

It was just the week before Thanksgiving. Edward Liston sat at his uncle's writing desk, which had been given him by the dying man's request. He felt in unusually buoyant spirits, for Rose had proved especially kind on the preceding evening, and he was contrasting this Thanksgiving season with the one three winters previous, when he had gone away not caring what became of him. The years that had rolled between had been dreary enough, but now happiness seemed near and the world looked all sunshine.

"Poor Uncle Edward!" he thought, presently. He had forgotten the old man, in his joy; and, after all, how kind he had always been until they quarreled! Such a useless quarrel, too, Edward felt sure now; and how much sorrow they both might have been spared! On his own account, it did not matter—everything would be made up if Rose loved him; but it was too late, so far as his uncle was concerned.

In a regretful fashion, Edward opened the desk and carefully examined its contents. His uncle had died after his departure on the African exploring-expedition, and he had been too busy and happy to pay much attention to anything since his return. There was nothing of any consequence in the desk; he had hoped his uncle might have left a few last lines for him. He had not wanted all old Mr. Liston's money; he was satisfied that Rose and Alice should have their share, but he would like to be sure his uncle had not thought of him unkindly.

Suddenly he remembered a secret drawer—no one else had been told of it; and he recollected how proud he was, at the time, to think of such confidence being placed in him. He touched the hidden spring; the drawer flew open, and a letter was revealed to his view. It was from his uncle. Eagerly he broke the seal and began to read. The first few lines wore words of kindness; the next struck him with wonderment, and, when he had finished, his face had changed terribly. He read the letter twice, and then began to search mechanically through the desk again; but, after turning over all the papers, he shook his head in a hopeless sort of way.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in, he said, and his mother entered.

"What is the matter, Edward? Has anything happened?" she asked, as his gaze met hers. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"So I have," he answered, holding the letter toward her.

Mrs. Liston took it in astonishment, and ran her eyes slowly along the page. She grew deadly pale after she had read a little, even paler than her son. A low smothered exclamation burst from her as she reached the end.

"Mother, do you know anything about the will uncle speaks of?" Edward asked.

The question was abrupt as to startle Mrs. Liston almost more than the contents of the letter had done.

"I? What should I know about it?" she rejoined, in a sharp voice, glancing almost angrily at her son as she spoke.

"Mother! mother! Answer my question!" cried Edward, horror and a host of mingled feelings in his tones.

Mrs. Liston's face was ghastly; she looked ten years older than when she had entered the room. She met the young man's stern reproachful gaze for an instant, and then her her eyes fell.

"Of what do you suspect me, my son?" she asked, in a harsh difficult voice.

"You were there when he died—had charge of everything at first—and he speaks so positively of making the will in favor—" Edward stopped suddenly.

Minutes passed before Mrs. Liston answered; she stood white and rigid, facing her son. Then, with a despairing gesture, she flung herself on her knees.

"Forgive me, my boy! forgive me!" she wailed, laying her hand entreatingly on his arm. "I did it for your sake—for your sake only."

"For my sake?" Edward repeated the words mechanically.

"Yes, for your sake. You told me you loved Rose, but would never marry her while she was rich. Then I found the will; it left all to her—to you, nothing. I knew you would not marry her in that case. I loved you so, I could not bear it. Forgive me, Edward! forgive me!" And the unfortunate woman bowed her head in silence.

The young man lifted his mother and placed her in a chair.

"In destroying this will," he said, "you have destroyed all my hopes of happiness."

"My son!"

"Yes, forever. I was not quite frank with you when I went away, mother. It was not because Rose was richer than I, but for another reason—I thought she loved Harold Ransom. My uncle told me he wanted us to marry, and, when I hinted that she might not care for me, he grew terribly angry and declared he would disinherit which ever of us should dare to thwart his wishes. Then I told him I would not marry her; I felt so sure she cared for Harold, and I could not be base enough to bring his displeasure on the woman I loved. So we parted in anger, and I told you I would not try to win Rose until I had wealth or fame to offer her. I dared not let you suspect the truth, for I knew you would not hesitate to sacrifice her for me. Since I came back and found out my mistake, I have hoped she might learn to love me; now all that is over."

Mrs. Liston had sat in perfect silence, with bent head while her son was speaking; but, when he finished, she looked up.

"Do not say that!" she cried. "Do not say that!"

"It is true, mother," he repled. "I am in a thousand times worse position than I was three years ago. I am poor and Rose is rich, and I have wronged her besides; you have raised an insurmountable barrier between us."

"I will go to her—I will tell her, Edward!" cried Mrs. Liston.

"You will do nothing of the kind, mother. I will go to her—tell her all that is necessary—after I have thought a little. If you want me to forgive you, you must remain passive now—do nothing. Promise me you will."

"I promise," said Mrs. Liston, faintly; and, rising to leave the room, she fell to the floor in a swoon.

For the next few hours, Edward could do nothing but wait on his mother. He sent at once for the doctor, who looked very grave as he made the examination.

"Your mother has heart-disease," he said. "She must have received some shock, to bring on this attack; do you know of any?"

"Yes," Edward answered sadly; "a letter."

The physician did not inquire further.

"Be careful to spare her any fresh excitement he remarked, "or I will not answer for the consequences."

The next few days dragged wearily along until the morning preceding Thanksgiving. A family dinner at the Erickson mansion had been planned, the mistress of the house being sufficiently recovered to preside; but, of course, all thought of this was given up. The sisters were terribly disappointed and very anxious about their aunt. Both girls offered their services in the sick-room; but Edward refused, gently though firmly. He went about, looking like a shadow, but always composed and helpful.

"Don't worry yourself to death, Cousin Edward," the sisters entreated, and Rose was almost tender in her distress; and this seemed more than he could bear.

Mrs. Liston was conscious at times, but very weak; and she did not say much, nor did her son, beyond a few soothing words. The day before Thanksgiving, however, there was a change. She seemed excited and begged him to send the nurse out of the room. Edward did so, very unwillingly.

"You know the doctor has forbidden you to talk any more than is necessary," he urged; "it is not safe."

"I will not," his mother said; "but I must speak! I cannot die without telling you about the will—"

Edward laid a beseeching hand on her arm but she paid no heed.

"I did not destroy it, Edward—I was afraid to; it is there—there, locked up in my private desk. The key is in my rosewood box—you know; get it, my son."

Young Liston followed his mother's directions, and soon held the long-hidden will in his trembling fingers. He had faced danger and death in the African wilderness; but after all, the most terrible ordeal had been left for him to meet in his native land.

Yes, there it was! In plain and unmistakable terms, his Uncle Edward's property was all devised to his "beloved niece, Rosamond Erickson."

Edward looked up at last, remembering his mother.

"I will send for Mr. Lynde," he said, "and put the will in the secret drawer in my desk; no one knew of that drawer but me."

His mother divined at once that he meant to screen her. She shook her head.

"I am willing to bear all the blame; it will not be for long."

In reply, Edward rang the bell to summon the nurse, and, stooping to kiss his mother's forehead, left the room. He put the document away as he had intended, and sent for Mr. Lynde.

Two hours later came the elderly lawyer who had been the deceased Mr. Liston's man-of-business for years, though in the matter of his testamentary intentions the eccentric old bachelor had not seen fit to consult him.

When Mr. Lynde was announced, Edward was in the drawing-room with Alice Erickson and Harold Ransom. He made his excuses to his cousins, and, begging them to wait till his return, hurried off to meet his guest.

Edward took the lawyer into his writing-room, and, briefly explaining that the existence of the secret drawer was unknown to his mother, touched the spring. There within lay the document which had destroyed the young man's brightest hopes. In amazement, Mr. Lynde took out the paper and examined it carefully.

"I am very sorry," was all he could say at which Edward made a dissenting gesture.

"I am glad Rose has the money," he declared, gravely.

Then he remembered Alice, and, with sudden resolve, rang the bell and told the servant to ask Miss Erickson and Mr. Ransom to go into the library. A moment later, he joined them there, with Mr. Lynde.

The explanation took bnt two or three minutes, and scarcely was it ended when, with a woman's quick instinct, Alice divined something of her cousin's feelings, and, springing hastily forward, laid her hand pleadingly on his shoulder.

"You won't let this make any difference between you and Rose, will you, Edward?" she asked, in eager beseeching tones.

The young man took her other hand tenderly in both of his, and was about to speak, when there came a hesitating knock at the door, Rose herself entered.

Pale and tearful, but with eyes shining through their tears, she hurried toward her cousin, and, taking his hand, whispered:

"Edward, I have been with your mother; I know the whole."

"No, not the whole, my dear young lady," spoke up Mr. Lynde, whose quick ear had caught her words. "In a crack in that same secret drawer, I have found a holograph will, of later date than this. Your eyes were not sharp, Master Edward! The last will leaves everything to you."

As he spoke, the old lawyer drew from his pocket a sheet of paper, which he held before Edward's bewildered unbelieving eyes.

"Then it is we who have been defrauding you!" cried Alice; but Rose could not speak.

So it was a happy Thanksgiving, after all, for the doctors pronounced Mrs. Liston out of danger; and, a year later, there was a double wedding, which the two young couples decided might be appropriately celebrated on Thanksgiving Day.

The Shah in Love With His Wife.

The first wife of the Shah of Persia, Amin Agdes, who had been in Vienna some time for the treatment of her eyes, returned recently to Teheran. She was met at Meshed by an escort of thousands of Persian soldiers. While in Meshed she received two magnificent horses and six bags full of silver from the banished Murat-Amin-us-Saltane, who besought her by letter to intercede for him with the Shah. Her royal highness kept the presents but refused to make any promises as to the restoring of the giver to favor. Throughout the twelve hours' stop in Meshed the telegraph line was withdrawn from the public service and was kept full of messages between the Shah in Teheran and his wife.

Russian Girls and Women.

Russian girls have the thoroughness of the Germans and the brightness of the Americans without their wit. They have considerable beauty, great courage and a good deal of slyness. Under the old regime their life in girlhood and matronhood was the life almost of the convent; and in old Russia they are very much secluded even to-day. Strange that the German women, by no means powerful at home, should have changed the tone in Russia!

Mediocre the women of Russia never will be; and where there is great capacity for evil there is great possibility of good. Their faults may be explained by the absence of wise rule and happy home surroundings.

Here's a Great Novelty.

It is said that President Bliss of the Boston and Albany road was recently offered an increase of salary from $12,000 to $20,000, but declined because he did not consider his services worth so much more. Besides, he said, "if I accept it will be necessary to raise the salaries of my fellow-officials proportionated, and that would entail a heavy increase in expenses." Unlike most railroads, the Boston & Albany managers are running the road for the benefit of its owners rather than themselves.

A Terrible Threat

Borsleigh—"Ha! Smart, if you doubt my word I'll slay you with the jawbone of an ass."

Smart—"Indeed! Are you taking powers so great as that?"

LOVE AND ALLIANCE.

THE ESSENTIAL CONDITION.

Bostonian.

"Young woman," said the evangelist, "do you feel that your life is a success?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am engaged."

HE TUMBLED.

"I like champagne," the lover said,
"For it begins where nature stops."
His sweetheart answered him, "I think
I like it too; but not to drink.
The main attraction is, 'it pops.'"
—Philadelphia Press.

NOT HIS BETTER HALF.

Boston Herald.

Customer (handing back a mutilated coin). I want a better half.

Salesgirl (abstractedly). Oh, sir, I thank you, but I'm engaged to George Robbins.

NOT CLOSELY ALLIED.

New York Sun.

"Is Deborrah related to Charley Henderson?"

"Yes. She is his sister by a refusal of marriage."

A BIG CATCH.

Side by side near a babbling brook,
With rod and reel in the bright spring weather,
He not watching his line and hook;
She not caring for trout or whether
She filled her basket; but when at night
They homeward went, luck had surely found her,
For she with her hook—and eyes so bright—
Had captured a hundred-and-sixty pounder!
Berkeshire News.

CRUEL THOUGHTLESSNESS.

New York World.

A lovesick New York youth in the stillness of night started to serenade under the wrong window: "I wandered b-i-i the brookside (cling, clang, boo), I wandered b-i-i the mill"— and the sash was gently raised with a crash, and a deep bass voice yelled out: "I vish as you fall into your brook off your brookside and trown yourself in dose mill, odow I plow my vissil and call a polizeidiener." It was cruel of her to have changed her room without letting him know.

WAITING.

Why stands that woman there to-night
'Neath the moon orb's silver sheen,
With an anxious light in yet young eyes
And hope in her eager mien?
Are her thoughts above with the winking stars?
Does the moon fill her heart with awe?
Ah, no, she's waiting there now for the son
Of her father and mother-in-law.

HUNGRY FOR GREEN FOOD.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To milk old brindle, sir," she said.
"May I go, too, my pretty maid?"
"The cow might eat you, sir," she said.

A BRIEF WEDDING.

Atlanta Constition.

A certain Georgia editor, who is also a real estate agent, a building and loan association director, an attorney at law, clerk of the town council and pastor of the village church, was recently asked to marry a couple. He was in a great hurry, and the couple surprised him in the middle of a heavy editorial on the tariff. "Time is money," said he, without looking up from his work. "Do you want her?" The man said yes. "And do you want him?" The girl stammered an affirmative. "Man and wife," cried the editor. "One dollar. Bring me a load of wood for it—one-third pine, balance oak."

One Man Against a Pack of Wolves.

Dallas News.

Andrew Philipot, a farmer living near Sallisaw, I. T., set out to visit a sick neighbor half a mile distant last Friday night, and on his return home was attacked by a pack of wolves. He was unarmed, but seized a large stick and as the wolves came closer and closer he kept them at bay while he hallooed for help. A big wolf sprung at him, but he beat it off, wounding it, and made a break for a tree. The wolves followed, snarling and snapping at his heels. Again Phillipot drove them back and ran to another tree. In this way he suceeded in getting in sight of his house, and his cries brought assistance. The rescue was timely, as Phillipot fainted from exhaustion just as help reached him.

Some amazingly big pumpkins have been raised in Maine this fall, and the contest for the honors is now on. Mr. Guy Mullen, of Newport, is pretty well to the front in this, having raised seven on one vine whose combined weight was 102 pounds.

Los Angeles has rejected a proposition to build a sewer to the sea, twelve miles distant. More than three-fourths of the city has no sewerage system, and the soil is said to be so saturated with filth that children are dying from diphtheria and other causes traceable to unsanitary conditions

LIFE IN KAINTUCK.

An Artist Runs Against Some Interesting People.

The longer I stay in this country the better I like it, says a Cleer Creek Springs, (Ky.) letter to the Washington Capital. Sunday I was out on the Cumberlain taking pictures and I turned my Kodak on a mountaineer in a boat.

"Herb, mister," he called out, don't turn your old Gatlin' gun on me er I'll throw a chunk of lead at you."

Not five minutes before that I'd been talking with a gentleman who has killed four or five men in his efforts to maintain a livelihood on the mountains, and I turned my Gatling gun out to grass.

Speaking of the men who did the killing their invariable answer when called on for a reason is simply, "I had to do it." That means that some body had to die.

I was talking the other day about a fine cow he had on his farm. "She's the milkinest critter I ever seed milked," he said, and I accepted the superlative expression.

I met a country school-teacher recently and he was telling me about himself. "I taken a first-class certificate and thar an't no school in this county I can't teach," he remarked proudly.

In an examining court some time ago a young man was before the judge for stealing an ox, and a colored man, charged with assault, was next on the docket. When the first case was disposed of the judge tilted back in his chair and, waving his hand triumphantly, said to the jailer: "Remove the gentleman charged with stealing a steer and fetch in that nigger." I had a seat within the bar at the time on a hickory-bottomed chair, and I rather think his honor wanted to impress me. Whether he did or not, he did just the same.

I have just heard an old story on the famous orator and wit, Tom Marshall, which I think will bear repeating, although it may be a chestnut. During one of Tom's campaigns he was opposed by a man whose father was a cooper, and the man was making all of the capital out of it possible to offset the aristocratic Marshall. They spoke from the same platform one day—the cooper's son making the first speech, and harping as usual on the same old subject. When he had finished Tom got up. "Ladies and gentlemen, fellow-citizens," he said, "my opponent's father was, as he says, a cooper, and he was a good cooper, for I knew him: but ladies and gentlemen," he continued, pointing to his opponent, "he put a mighty poor head in that keg there."

As might have been expected the cooper's son was bunged up completely.

What the Other Girl Gets.

One of Denver's leading and wealthiest citizens has just built an elegant residence on Capitol Hill. It is intended as a wedding present to a daughter who is to be married soon. The gentleman also owns two lots adjoining those upon which the house is erected. The younger daughter of the gentleman, upon being spoken to about the fine present her sister would receive, remarked:

"Yes, and we are going to put a sign on the two adjoining lots with these words on it: 'These lots go with the other girl.'"—Denver Times.

SAYS a prominent New England clergyman who has recently been visiting in the west: "In the west I find more wealth, wore generosity, more enthusiasm and aggressiveness in church work, and, believe me more genuine culture than in the east. But I do miss a historic background. I miss the old. I miss, on the banks of the Mississippi, what one misses who comes from Old England to New England—a good deep stratum of history."

Probably the longest word in the German language is in the last edition of the official journal of commissions. Here it is: "Metta-amidomethlathylmethylbenzyldiamidophenylcarbinol."

Nova Scotia is remarkable for the number of its old people. It has a larger population of centenarians than any other country, there being one to every 19,000 inhabitants, while England has only one in every 200,000.

THE youths of Belfast, Me., are having great sport in dipping the small herring that swarm the cove. A long combustible torch is extended some six or eight feet over the bow of the boat, and, when all is ready, the torch is lighted and the word is given to "pull hard, boys," and in a few minutes the water is alive with the fish.

THE Manchester woman informs the Sun that her theory is that the majority of parents love their children too much to punish them severely. She thinks they can be more effectively punished by frightening them than by subjecting them to physical correction. She therefore offers her services as a bugaboo. Fee, two shillings.

New York Hat Co.

—Leading House In—

HATS, SHIRTS, & NECKWEAR,

50 E. Washington St., Cor. of Penn.

Your Patronage Solicited.

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure *everything*—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in *everything*.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the *risk* of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., does with

Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery,
Favorite Prescription,
Pleasant Pellets, and
Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

But do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of

Prickly Ash Bitters!

a name every one can remember, and to the present day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the **BLOOD,** *for the* **LIVER,** *for the* **KIDNEYS** *and for the* **STOMACH.** *This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and if others who require a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it.*

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO

To You,

GENTLE READER.

If you have Dyspepsia, you have heartburn with pain in the stomach after eating, you have headache, are bilious at times, your bowels are constipated, your skin is yellow, your tongue is coated, you have dark circles around your eyes, you can not eat what you like, you do not sleep well, you are

USED UP GENERALLY.

Get a bottle of

DR. WHITE'S
DANDELION ALTERATIVE.

It will cure you. You can eat what you like, you will sleep like a child, your skin will get clear, your eyes will get bright, you will get FLESH ON YOUR BONES and will feel vigorous enough to take anything you can lay your hands on. Very large bottle for $1, and every bottle warranted.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*"Civil Service Gazette."*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

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Syr. White Pine and Tar

THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup Whooping Cough and

LA GRIPPE.

It never fails to effect a speedy Cure.

Price 25 and 50 Cents.

For Sale by all Dealers. Prepared by the

Roosa & Ratliff Chemical Co.,
Cincinnati, O.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the progress being made in the manual training of woman. The public School of Art for women at Bloomsbury, England, holds a high ranks in its instruction in art and mathematics and is entirely in the hands of women professors. In South Kensington more pupils in proportion to their number carry off prizes in the yearly national competitions than in any other institution. In Belgium there is an Ecole Professional, numbering 770 pupils, and its object is to give women a thorough professional manual education simultaneously with theoretical teaching. In Holland similar schools exist, which admit to their classes young girls of every rank in society, and not only teach every sort of handicraft suited to professional work but also furnish excellent opportunities for liberal culture to those who do not need to make of art a means of support. In Denmark the professionally artistic education of women is of a yet more advanced character and the government school of decorative art is attended by 120 women pupils, who are admirably trained to take up art in its various branches professionally

The recent organization of regular carrier-pigeon services for military purposes in Europe recalls the wonderful ingenuity and completeness with which the French effected the transmission of dispatches during the siege of Paris; and their methods, which have hardly yet been improved on, are thus described by the French savant, Tissandier; "No one can have forgotten the wonderful part played by carrier pigeons during the siege of Paris in bringing to the besieged city news of the outer world. But these birds, however strong they might be, could carry with them through the air only very light burdens. A thin sheet of paper, two or three inches square, was all the load that could be intrusted to these winged messengers. But how write orders, send dispatches, give precise instructions in such a minute letter. The most able calligrapher could hardly make it contain the letters in a single page of a printed volume. Microscopic phutography came to the assistance of the besieged; it solved the difficulty as no other art could have done; it reproduced on a film of collodion weighing less than a grain more than three thousand dispatches, that is to say, the amount of sixteen pages of folio printed matter. Several of these films, representing a considerable number of dispatches—were rolled and inclosed in a quill about the size of a tooth-pick. This light and novel letter box was attached to the tail of a pigeon. Each pigeon could carry twenty films in a quill, the whole not weighing more than fifteen grains, and thirty or forty pieces of the microscopic dispatches wore usually printed and sent by as many pigeons. More than 100,000 of them were thus sent to Paris during the siege. As soon as the small tube was received at the telegraph office it was opened with a knife, and the photograph films were carefully placed in a basin of water in which were put a few drops of ammonia. In this liquid the dispatches enrolled themselves. They were then dried and placed between two plates of glass. It then only remained to lay them on the stage plate of a photo-electric microscope."

Dr. Talmage on Thanksgiving.

Only a few brief days and there will be a table spread across the top of the two great ranges of mountains which ridge this continent—a table reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas. It is the Thanksgiving table of the Nation. They come from the East and the West and the North and the South, and sit at it. On it will be smoking the products of all lands—birds of every aviary, cattle from every pasture, fish from every lake, feathered spoils from every farm. The fruit baskets will bend down under the products plucked from the peach fields of New Jersey, the apple orchards of western New York, the orange groves of Florida, the vineyards of Ohio and the nuts threshed from New England woods. The bread will be white from the wheat fields of Illinois and Michigan, the banqueters will be adorned with California gold, and the table will be a gleam with Nevada silver, and the feast will be warmed with the fire-grates heaped up with Pennsylvania coal. The halls will be spread with carpets from the Lowell mills, and when darkness comes with its heavy draperies, the lights will flash from bronzed brackets of Philadelphia manufacture. The fingers of Massachusett's girls will have hung the embroidery; the music will be drumming of ten thousand mills accompanied by the shouts of children let loose for play, and the gladness of harvesters driving barnward the loads of sheaves, and the thanksgivings of the nation which crowd the celestial gates with doxologies, until the oldest harper of Heaven will not be able to tell where the terrestrial song ends and the celestial song begins. Welcome, Thanksgiving Day! —T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Still Hunt.

"Strange, isn't it, that they never caught Tascott? They've given up the chase, I suppose."

"No; it's one of those still hunts, and it takes a long time."

"A still hunt! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that the detectives commenced a diligent search for him over two years ago, and now they are still hunting."

Her Last Resort.

New York Sun.

Kickshaw—"A woman is about to apply for a seat in the stock exchange."

Mrs. Kickshaw—"Because she can't get one in the street car, I suppose."

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

Discoveries Made by a Man While Manipulating Cigar Stubs.

New York Special.

The deadly cigarette never seemed more poisonous than when viewed in the light of the latest story that is going the rounds of the local tobacco trade.

It is to the effect that one Memm, a cigar stub picker, died recently in one of the foreign quarters of the city, leaving a fortune varying, as the story runs, between $15,000 and $25,000.

It appears that Memm had a smattering of practical chemistry of his head, which he applied to his stubs, emulating the example in modern chemical discoveries which make wine without grapes, and pigs' feet from clothes-pins. He invented a small oven, in which were burned the accumulating stub pickings of several score of boys. In the process of reducing the stubs to ashes he contrived to retain a great quantity of the gases and salts that escape in smoke, and the cremated material thus became impregnated with them. The stubs, reduced to ashes, were next ground to a powder and washed to a whiteness. This deposit he found acted like magic on the enamel of the teeth, dissolving tarter and removing discolorations in the twinkling of an eye.

Having successfully demonstrated this discovery, Memm made a deal with a well known chemist, by whose agency the stuff was put up in elegantly scented boxes and advertised far and wide, but the real magnitude of his success was attained by a subsequent process which savors more strongly of fact. Certain of the stubs turned in by his army of gatherers were unrolled and the burned edges clipped off. The remnants of leaves were then thoroughly rinsed and steeped for a day in a strong decoction of tea and scented herbs, whence they were removed smelling sweet and aromatic. When dry the leaves were cut into fine scraps, and rolled into cigarettes, which were afterward sold in the cafe of the city as the purest and best of cigarettes. It is not told how this ingenious fellow contrived to escape the authorities, but that information is not necessary to the moral pointed by the tale.

The First American Torpedo Boat.

John M. Ellicott in St. Nichols.

European countries have built large numbers of these boats. Italy has now about 200; England, 175; France, 150; Russia, 130; Germany, 100; and Spain, 20. On this side of the Atlantic the Argentine Republic has 18; Brazil, 15; and Chili, 10.

Of course you wish to know how many our own nation has. Well, we have one. It was recently launched, and if you read the papers you will no doubt see accounts of its trials for speed. It is a big one—a "deep-sea" boat—very much like the Italian Nibbio in appearance, but not in any way designed after that boat. It was built by the Messrs. Herreshoff at Bristol, R. I. This firm has built some very fast launches and yachts, and can no doubt prove equal to the best foreign builders in constructing torpedo boats should others be demanded.

Our torpedo boat is named the Cushing, after a famous naval officer who during the Rebellion sank a Confederate ironclad with a torpedo rigged out on a spar projecting from a steam launch. Torpedo boats are not always named. It is the custom of foreign countries to give names only to their "deep-sea" torpedo boats. The smaller ones are simply numbered.

I know you are wondering why we have only one torpedo boat and would like to ask me if we don't need more. Perhaps we do. The United States has a longer sea-coast and more important sea-ports to protect than any other country; but the United States is deliberate and thoughtful.

The present Secretary of the Navy has asked Congress to appropriate money for five torpedo boats in addition to the Cushing, and no doubt successful trials of these will bring about the immediate building of many more.

Prof. E. Stone Wiggins is at it again. He predicts an earthquake in Pennsylvania and the maritime provinces of Canada August 17, 1904, and another one in 1920.

Governor Hill's private secretary is Colonel T. S. Williams, a graduate of Cornell and formerly a newspaper man. He served at Albany and at Washington.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Catarrh

Is a complaint which affects nearly everybody, more or less. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Disagreeable flow from the nose, tickling in the throat, offensive breath, pain over and between the eyes, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, are the more common symptoms. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strikes directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, building up the diseased tissues and giving healthy tone to the whole system.

N. B. If you have decided to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Child of an Evil Parent.

Malvolio says in Shakspeare's Comedy of Twelfth Night, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." So it is with nervousness. Some are born nervous, some achieve nervousness by their own imprudence and neglect, and some have nervousness thrust upon them by disease. The basic starting point of this ailment, which grows rapidly and assumes alarming proportions when it reaches the stage of hypochondria and chronic sleeplessness, is weakness, the child of indigestion, parent of many evils. For the incapacity of the stomach to digest food, and of the system to assimilate it after digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has ever proved a sovereign remedy. Sleep becomes tranquil, appetite improves, abnormal sensitiveness of the nerves is succeeded by steadiness and vigor in those delicate tissues, bodily substances increases when that signal restorative of digestion is systematically used. Conquer also with it malaria, rheumatism, kidney inactivity, liver complaint and constipation.

The Princess of Wales wears a No. 6 shoe, yet she is a number one woman.

An extraordinary advance in the use of cocoa seems to have taken place of late years in England. In the House of Commons, this last session, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, called attention to it as a cause for much of the falling off of the use of coffee. He attributed it in a measure, to the position a preparation of cocoa known as "Grateful and Comforting" had taken. In accord with this suggestion, it may be interesting to follow the course cocoa has taken in England since 1832, when the duty, which had been standing at 6d. per pound, with an importation of under a half million pounds, was reduced to 2d. per pound, and not long after we find the homœopathic doctrine of medicine introduced into the kingdom, and that the use of cocoa was specially advocated by physicians adopting that mode of practice. Soon after we find the first homœopathic chemists established in England (the firm of James Epps & Co.) produced a special preparation which only needed boiling water or milk to be at once ready for the table, and the superior character of this production has, no doubt, done much, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, to bring about (backed as it was by a further reduction of the duty to 1d. per pound) the advance made

Never stroke a boy's beard when it is down.

Doctors prescribe Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers, because children like them and they never fail.

George Gould has some peculiarities, but he is no Jay.

Are any of the new-fangled washing compounds as good as the old-fashioned soap? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been sold every day for 24 years, and is now just as good as ever. Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

It is his exalted position that makes the weather-cock vane.

Bronson—They are trying very hard to beat the lottery down in Louisiana. Johnson—Well, it can't be done, I know; I've tried it.

About a Stand Off.—If there is anything in the world more fidgety than a man with two cigars and no match it is a boy in the house on a rainy day. This has no especial reference to "that tired feeling," but if you are "out of sorts," with dyspepsia, biliousness, headache and constipation, and feel tired all over, there is nothing that will bring you out as gently and effectually as Dr. White's Dandelion. It is a perfect system renovator. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

"Every work requires a proper method." Half the trouble of house-cleaning results from lack of common-sense means. Use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Foul poisons that accumulate in the blood and rot the machinery of the system, are eradicated and expelled by using Prickly Ash Bitters, a medicine that will not irritate the stomach or bowels. It acts in a gentle manner on these delicate organs, and restores health in every case.

USE St Jacobs Oil
The Great
REMEDY FOR PAIN

Dyspepsia is the bane of the present generation. It is for its cure and its attendants, sick headache, constipation and piles, that

Tutt's Pills

have become so famous. They act gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor without griping or nausea. 25c.

A ROBBER OR THIEF

Is better than the *lying* scale agent who tells you as gospel truth that the

Jones' $60. 5 Ton Wagon Scale

is not a standard scale, and equal to any made. For free book and price list, address

Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N.Y.

BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY!

Our Well Machines are the most RELIABLE, DURABLE, SUCCESSFUL! They do MORE WORK and make GREATER PROFIT. They FINISH Wells where others FAIL! Any size, 2 inches to 44 inches diameter.

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—A daughter of Wm. Morgan, of 6th street, is quite sick.

—Indianapolis has a large and in many respects an intelligent colored population.

—Rev. Carr immersed two applicants for baptism Thursday at eleven o'clock at the Baptist church.

—Mrs. Landonia Williams, a teacher in the public schools, has been sick for the last week though she has not stopped her work.

—Mrs. Williams, of Vermont street, is giving entire satisfaction as a boarding house keeper. Her special Sunday dinners are superb and largely patronized.

—There will be a grand concert given at the ninth colored Presbyterian church. Friday evening, Dec. 12, 1890, by Prof. R. L. Anthony, for benefit of the church.

—Something has gone wrong with this office, as two of the force are laid up for repairs. Mr. Lewis is down with the rheumatism, and Mr. Allen has been a cripple for some three weeks.

—It is said that there are at least three dozen men who attend the different societies for the sole purpose of being asked to make "a few remarks," which "few remarks" expand into lengthy garullity.

—Prof. R. L. Anthony, of the city public schools, left Wednesday night for Dayton, Ohio, to spend Thanksgiving Day as the guest of the Misses Griffin of that city, old friends and schoolmates.

—Dr. Wesley Robbins spent several days this week in Springfield and Dayton among old acquaintances. The good things of the ample larders of the doctor's many friends were not allowed to go begging for want of attention.

—A testimonial benefit is being arranged for Rev. J. R. Riley, of the Ninth Presbyterian Church. Robert Anthony will make his first appearance before an Indianapolis audience as an elocutionist.

—The entertainment Thanksgiving evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Messrs Kersey, Gibbs and Gardner for the benefit of the new Household of Ruth was largely attended and quite a handsome sum was realized.

—The Ninth Presbyterian choir is being strengthened rapidly. The latest added feature is that of a parti-orchestra composed of violin, cornet and trombone. The attendance at this church has increased since the formation of the choir.

—A company of gentlemen under the leadership of W. O. Abbot, Esq., of THE FREEMAN met this week for the purpose of forming an orchestral club. They propose to get down to business at once and make a strong musical organization that will be creditable to themselves as well as to the city.

—A. E. Manning, Esq., of the county clerk's office reports that on account of the great amount of work to be done in arranging the affairs of the county, he will not stand for an appointment as custodian of the capitol, the position which he held during the last session of the Legislature.

—Shelton Morris Minor, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was in this city last week in the interest of "The Loyal American," an Anti-Catholic paper published in Chicago. He passed on through to Louisville, Ky., where he formerly resided, to visit friends and relatives.

—There is a likelihood that James T. V. Hill and L. A. Simpson who didyeoman service for the democracy in the recent campaign will be rewarded when the legislature convenes. Positions such as second assistant door-keeper or watchmen are the positions for which these gentlemen are booked.

—The colored departments of the public schools are reported to be in a most satisfactory condition. The most excellent corp of teachers are conducting affairs in the most satisfactory manner and so far this session nothing has occurred to mar the efficiency of the work. The parents are interested and boys and girls are sent regularly and promptly.

—Prof. Morphin, of the district schools, and Miss Nellie Lewis, the popular young lady manager of the Turner millinery store, were quietly married last Wednesday night at the St. John Catholic church by the pastor. They will reside for the present at the home of E. E. Proctor, East Miami street. THE FREEMAN extends congratulations.

—Miss Philo Nance is on the sick list.

—Clinton Douglass is reported very ill.

—What has become of the Terpsichorean club?

—Mrs. C. Lewis spent Thanksgiving with her parents at Lebanon.

—B. Star, the Indian lecturer, spent a few days with friends here this week.

—Wait for the ladies grand bazaar at the 9th Presbyterian church, December 15th.

—Miss Louvenia Brady, of THE FREEMAN, is in Nashville, Tenn., on a visit.

—M. Lawyer, of St. Joseph, Mich., is the guest of Mrs. Jefferson, of Fayett street.

—Rev. W. H. Eley contemplates opening the Blackford Street Literary Society.

—Mrs. Bertha Taylor left Thursday for Cincinnati to spent a few weeks with friends.

—Hiram Jefferson has returned home from St. Joseph, Mich., for permanent residence.

—F. B. Allen, literary editor of THE FREEMAN, is the latest addition to the Metropolitan Club.

—M. F. Lewis, of Mt. Sterling. Ky., is visiting friends in the city with prospects of locating.

—Mrs. M. Jones, of New York City, was called home by the death of her father, Mr. John Thompson.

—Mrs. Frank Brown, of Arch street, entertained a few friends at tea last Wednesday evening.

—Mrs. Noah Anthony, an old resident of this city, but now of Detroit, Mich., is visiting friends in this city.

—The literaries of the various churches are starting out well and we may look for some good work from them this winter.

—Miss Queenie Smoots, of Paris, Ky., is visiting her sister, Kittie Smoots, who is still having serious trouble with her eyes.

—Mr. Evans, the efficient clerk in the office of the Big Four Railroad, has returned from a pleasant visit to see friends in Cleveland, Ohio.

—On the 12th of December a literary and elocutionary concert will be given at the Ninth Presbyterian church by our most leading talent.

—Rev. J. H. Hawkins, of Paris, Ky., who has been in this city for the past two weeks, assisting Rev. J. W. Carr, returned home last Saturday morning.

—G. L. Jones, of the revenue service, took a four day's jaunt in southern Indiana this week, in the service. He visited Harrodsburg, Bedford, Mitchell and other points.

—The Metropolitan Club has opened its fall session very brilliantly and gives evidence of continued prosperity. In connection with the Metropolitan Chorus they will give another grand concert about holiday time.

—Mrs. Jessie Coates, of Springfield, O., has returned home after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Joseph Lewis, of 218 W. Second street. Her many friends will be pleased to learn that after next April she will make this city her permanent resent.

—The literaries are not meeting with the success enjoyed during the previseasons, but one or two of the larger societies may pull through the term. The Douglass rendered a good program last Monday evening to a fair audience. Addresses were made by W. A. Sweeney, J. T. V. Hill, Dr. Perry and G. L. Knox.

—Of the younger elocutionists perhaps none give greater promise than Miss Grace Lucas. Possesing a fine stage appearance, a distinct and well-modulated voice and pressive features, with careful study her future offers bright possibilities. In both the pathetic and comic recitation she appears to a marked advantage.

—John Thompson, an old resident of this city, died at his home on Second street last Saturday morning. Mr. Thompson leave a wife and seven children to mourn his loss. He came to this city from Kentucky in 1882 and has resided here constantly every since. He was a member of Bethel church, and was buried from that church last Monday. Rev. Clay officiated.

—The ninth colored Presbyterian church, corner of Michigan and Tennessee streets, hada splendid attendance last Sabbath and the choir rendered excellent music. A full orchestra will be present with the choir next Sabbath. Oscar Abbot, leading violinist; Ed. Jones, bass violinist; N. P. Gardner, cornetist; Sheridan Davis, organist. Services, 11 a. m., 8 p. m.; Sabbath school 2 p. m. Public cordially invited to be present.

—The "dancing school" has achieved a success very gratfying to its managers and is doubtless a social fixture. The exclusion of miscellaneous characters has brought to its support the best element of society. It holds fort at the Odd Fellows' Hall every Tuesday evening.

—The churches of this city are just so many theaters or play houses. There is this difference: the theaters open early in the evening, our churches open late. It has been said that it matters not what kind of an entertainment it might be, no trouble would occur in securing dates for a performance in these temples of worship.

—Indianapolis is not wickedly wicked nor behind the times. She's moving on; the material wealth is increasing; the intellectual affairs are on the increase; the spiritual outlook is undimmed. A good, jolly, free and easy people in the main; watching for the substantial, courting the angel of pleasure is characteristic of us.

—Brockway, at the corner of Indiana Ave., and Mississippi street, is selling the most stylish foot wear in the city for the least money. Ladies' it will pay you to see his $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 fine shoes. Courteous treatment and honest goods. 100 Indiana avenue, Pfafflin block.

—Messrs Collins and Turner, of 234 West Ohio street, gave an excellent opossum supper to a number of friends Thursday evening. Those present were B. D. Bagby, A. E. Manning, Hon. J. S. Hinton, F. D. Welch, Edward E. Cooper and W. Allison Sweeney. Toasts were made by Hon. J. S. Hinton and responded to by E. E. Cooper. Messrs Collins and Turner are to be congratulated upon the success they are having in their business and upon the very charming menu furnished on this occasion.

—The Bethel Literary Society will present the following programme next Monday evening, and a large attendance is expected. Song, by the society; recitation, Miss Nellie Knox; paper, Miss Jennie Harvey; address J. S. Durks; recitation, Miss Emma Woods; declamation, Miss Susie Evans; journal, L. A. Newby; address, Rev. J. H. Clay; music by the society. It is requested by the president that the members be in attendance at 8 o'clock, as the programme is a long one, and a good one, and should be carried out in full.

—Dr. S. R. Rice, a traveling salesman and lecturer, was in the city this week. He claims to have been jailed, mistreated and threatened with lynching in Mississippi some two weeks ago and barely escaped with his life. He is now in correspondence with the pastor of the Bethel A. M. E. church, leading toward the delivering of a lecture on "The Colored People of the South." In his lecture he proposes to tell the people not only of his own mishaps, but intends to give in his very much borrowed language the sad condition of the race in "Dixies Land." He left for Cincinnati Tuesday evening.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

A Promising Indianapolis Contractor Ties the Nuptial Knot—Remembrances From Many Friends.

A very quiet and unobtrusive wedding took place at 223 N. Superior street last Wednesday evening. The principle actors were Miss Belle Stone, one of our best known young ladies, and Felix Davis, our leading Afro-American contractor and builder. The happy couple will begin house keeping at once at the above number. They were remembered as follows by their many friends:

LIST OF PRESENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Haughey, bed room set; Mrs. Ruth Saunders, pair vases, glass pitcher; Miss Gertrude Martin and Mr. James Collins, set of fruit dishes; Mrs. D. D. Martin, set of fruit dishes; H. P. Hill, glass water set; Mr. and Mrs. Gratehouse, lamp and cream pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Minters, elegant golden candle stick; Miss Lulu Hyde, glass fruit dish; Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, set of silver knives; Mr. and Mrs. Gowel, set of butter dishes; Green Gentry, a decorated toureen; Joseph Johnson, set of silver walnut pickers; Miss Lizy McButterick, one vase; Miss Mary E. Johnson, china molasses crewit; Mr. Dare Turner, glass water pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, pair of lovely vases Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Poole, decorated vase and a pair of decorated plates; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, one white bed spread; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Brown, set of cut glasses; Mr. and Mrs. John Mayes, two glass pitchers; J. P. Scott, set decorated plates; Miss Mariah Kehlbeck, set of china plates and silver butter knives; Mr. and Miss Syphus, set of decorated china plates; Miss Ella Duncan, tea and cup saucer rack; Miss Essie Johnson, terra cotta tea pitcher; Miss Lizzie Saunders, Lexington, Ky., lamp; Mrs. R. K. Syfers, set of cups and saucers; Mrs. Anderson, fruit bowl; Jas. Woods, set cut glasses, desert dishes and fruit bowl; Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot, vases; Fred Mitchell and wife, elegant lamp; Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, cigar set; Martin Besonreleine, stand of flowers; Miss Annie Brown and John Cooper, elegant paper rack; Wesley Wilson and wife, picture easel and throw; John Turnham, hat rack and mirror; Miss Lulu Hyzer, throw; Z. Smith and wife, embroidered pillow cases; Mr. and Mrs. McKitridge, pair of towels; Miss Marie Yeager, elegant embroidered table cloth; Miss Eferba Thompson, throw; Miss Birta S. Taylor, towels; Alice M. Stout, set of glasses; Miss Julia Clore and Sherman Davis, fine steel engraving; B. F. Harris and wife, decorated silk throw; Miss Sarah St. Clair and Joe Bowers, elegant steel engraving with easel; Washington Thompson and wife, oak rocker, (made 16th century); I. P. Johnson and wife, elegant Brussels rug; Mr. and Mrs. Minters, set of fruit dishes; Mr. and Mrs. Isom Johnson, dustpan, duster, wire dish, cloth and rack; Masters Rufus and Cyphus Houghey, bronze statue.

Some Fresh Air Talk.

Indianapolis, Ind., Special to THE FREEMAN.

If you can spare space in your valuable national journal, please insert the following for the benefit of the suffering public: Each and every one should see that their dwelling apartments are well ventilated. Each room should be provided with some channel for the escape of the noxious vapors constantly accumulating. Most tenements built by miserly millionaires and occupied by the poor of our cities are literally "dens" of poison. Our children inhale diseases with their earliest breath. No wonder that our streets are filled with squalid, wan-visaged children. Charity visits these miserable homes, bringing food and raiment to the half-famished inmates. They have been slow to learn that fresh air is as essential to life as food or clothing. Care should be taken by the public authorities of every city in regards to its tenements. Do not degenerate into foul hovels like those of the poor English laborer. If we, as a race of people, would attend more strictly to the moral laws of Nature, and leave off the decoration of our person with brass, pewter and white metal, so-called jewelry, sold over the country by agents and dead beats, and pride ourselves with the substantials of life and ventilate our dwellings, then we would attend more closer to the moral laws of Nature, and would enjoy the blessings of health and happiness.

J. O. CONLEY,
Author of "Health and Happiness."

A Queer Way to Become Popular.

H. C. Turner, by his name appearing in daily papers, trying to degrade one individual, suggests to us that we are all born but not buried. Put up thy sword, Peter, he that fights by the sword shall perish by it; when the final judgment shall come and he shall be weighed in the balances and found wanting. For the many years he has acted as trustee of God's visible church, and the money that has passed through his hands, every one knows that no man would hold that office for the honor that is thrown upon him, for now all church trouble is caused by trustees. One who knows,

J. R. AVERETT.
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